sympathetic and Grewsome Tragedy, Plus sentimental Comedy From the Italian Superlative Performances by the Manhattan Company, Minus Mrs. Fiske

Mrs. Fiske made her début as a playwright yesterday afternoon at the Manhattan by producing, with the aid of her very remarkable company, three one act plays. They revealed the same admirable intelligence and rightness of feeling which have so long been valued in her acting, together with an unmistakable dramatic gift. She did not appear in the plays. It is said that she hopes to be encouraged to give up regular acting and devote her main strength to management. The enthusiasm of the audience was long and loud, and in the end called her twice before the curtain, in spite of a previously expressed resolve not to appear. Making the allowance for an obviously friendly bias of the audience, the occasion was little short of a triumph.

The first play, "The Rose," was the weakest. It was a wholesome and sympathetic, though somewhat sentimental. ersion of the familiar story of the old husband, the youthful wife and her lover, the milieu of which was aristocratic life in New Orleans. The young people in this case were proof against temptation, the wife, Marie, remaining faithful and devotedly affectionate, and the lover, Frederick, the husband's physician, being virtuously resolved to flee from the impending entanglement. Frederick sent a rose to Marie, with a note bidding her farewell. The husband read the note by mistake, and ended his life with an overdose of medi-

The machinery by which the plot is evolved will hardly bear analysis. Reformed Parisian rake that the husband was, he was preternaturally obtuse to what was going on. The audience learned all there was to know from circumstances that did not arouse his least suspicion. And there was a very palpable touch of sentimentality in his self-sacrifice.

Mr. Arliss scarcely made the husband's age and his feebleness convincing, and essened his grip of the situation by an exaggerated deliberation in acting. It must e said, however, that at the curtain many in the audience were in tears. The one admirable performance of the piece was the old French servant of Etienne Girardot, which was by far his best achievement in several years—simple, gay and true. He sang a French song with delightful

"A Light From St. Agnes" is a grewsome tragedy of low life in a Louisiana river The scene is the interior of a stone hut in which dwell Michel, a drunken rumseller, and 'Toinette, a young woman living with him. A saintly young woman has reformed the rest of the community and banished the traffic in rum, but Michel and 'Toinette are only the more resentfully obdurate.

When the play opens the reformer lics dead in a neighboring chapel. In the midst of a very realistic thunder storm Father Bertrand comes into the hut and Father Bertrand comes into the hut and tells 'Toinette that her last living wish was for her conversion.' Toinette, who has been waked from a drunken sleep, shows only a brutal defiance. Michel comes in, also drunk, and also in a passion of hatred against the dead saint. He has seen the body lying in the chapel, and on the breast' a diamond cross. He resolves to steal the cross, and make way with it. 'Toinette, who has been more deeply moved than the cross, and make way with it. 'Toinette, who has been more deeply moved than she knew, opposes him, and rings the alarm to arouse the village. Michel stabs her and, washing the blood from his hands, makes away through the forest.

The atmosphere of the play is as brutal as a page from Gorki. A touch of beauty there is in the idea of the spirit of the dead saint living on to reclaim the soul of Toinette. But the sodden woman's re-

Toinette. But the sodden woman's regeneration is not very convincingly denoted in the writing, so that the total effect is somewhat sordid and revolting. There can be no doubt, however, that the interest in the piece was absorbing. The curtain is a very original bit of theatric manipulation. 'Toinette has put her bed out in the centre of the room so that the first rays of the sun, reflected from the window of the chapel, will strike in her eyes and awake her in time to rouse her drunken man in time for his day's work. As Michel flees the dawn is breaking, and when he has gone the reflected rays of the sun swing across the room and full in 'Toinette's dead face. But the sodden woman's re-

across the room and full in Tolkette's dead face.

The 'Toinette of the young Rumanian acress, Fernanda Eliscu, is the most strikingly real and effective bit of work of its kind seen in many a day. Beautiful in face and figure, she is full of emotional strength and color. Her Juliet two years ago in Frank Lee Short's archaeologic production at the Berkelsy Lyceum showed crude promise; and once as the heroine of "Marts of the Lowlands," in which she replaced Corona Riocardo in the last week replaced Corona Riccardo in the last week of the run, she made an impression of the first magnitude on those who saw her. It will be strange if Miss Eliscu does not soon achieve a high place in her art. The Michel of John Mason was a creation of michel of John Mason was a creation of compelling realism and dramatic power, brutal, reckless, vicious, and very dirty in face and habit. As Father Bertrand, that admirable young actor W. B. Mack was forcible and effective.

The most sympathetic and viable of the plays was "The Eyes of the Heart," which

The most sympathetic and viable of the plays was "The rives of the Heart," which Mrs. Fiske has made from a two act Italian piece by Gallina. It is a family comedy, full of humor and sentiment, which centre about a blind grandfather whose favorite son has ruined him and whose family is keeping him in ignorance of the fact by many fond devices. The character of the old man D'Ancelot—his tenderness, his crustiness and the keen resource by which he unmasks the deceptions practised on him ness and the keen resource by which he unmasks the deceptions practised on him—is conceived with the most appealing divination and gives rise to an abundance of effective dramatic touches. Even the crabbed old Grasset, who has broken off the match between his son to the blind D'Ancelot's granddaughter, because of her poverty, finds his heart melting and unites the lovers.

Mr. Arilss's impersonation of the grand-father is a creation of the utmost finesse and feeling and admirably contrasted with the cruel and degenerate types with which he has been mainly identified. No doubt remains that Mr. Arilss's powers are as versatile as they are intense. Mr. Mack also gives evidence of extraor-dinary versatility in a portrait of an old servant reduced to the poorhouse—a crea-tion remote as the poles from his Schram and his Tesman. Miss Emily Stevens, as the granddaughter, was charming to look at, and often sympathetic, but lacked a lew requisite touches of suppressed emo-Mr. Arilss's impersonation of the grandlew requisite touches of suppressed emo-tion for her lover. One or two of the parts were cradely overacted, notably the Grasset of Robert V. Ferguson.

MAURICE BARRYMORE BURIED. A Private Funeral With Few Friends Present

for the Brilliant Actor, Funeral services for Maurice Barrymore were held yesterday morning in the chapel of the Stephen Merritt undertaking establishment in Eighth avenue. At the wish of the family the services were private, the or the tamily the services were private, the only persons present being Miss Ethel Barrymore, William Gillette, Alf Hayman, John Drew, Benjamin T. Fagin and a woman friend of the family. Neither John nor Lionel Barrymore was present. The Rev. George C. Houghton of "The Little Church Around the Course" read the funeral service.

Around the Corner" read the funeral service.
There were few floral offerings.
The body was taken to Philadelphia in a private car and was barried in the Drew plot in Glenwood Cemetery beside Mrs.

The Old Reliable

BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY

PURE There is no substitute

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the oung woman, placing a suit case on a vacant desk in a downtown office. The half dozen men in the room looked up from their work. "I've got something here that will interest

you." went on the young woman, all the while unfastening the straps of the suit "It'll be useless to spring a book on us,"

"It'll be useless to spring a book on us," said one man.
"Don't worry," responded the 'young woman. "I'm not a book agent. But I'm selling something, and I'll bet there isn't one of you can guess what."

At last the suit case was opened. It was packed with neat pasteboard boxes, tied with ribbons of different hues.
"Here we are," went on the young woman, taking out a box and untying the ribbon.

"Here we are," went on the young woman, taking out a box and untying the ribbon. "Before I take off the cover I want to say to you all that this is the best article of its kind in the market—home made fudge. Just try a piece," she urged, going from one to the other with the box.

Everybody bought a box at 25 cents each. The young woman said her mother, her sister and herself made the fudge at home. She was the travelling salesman of the firm, having given up a job as type-

home. She was the travening salesman of the firm, having given up a job as type-writer to do this work. So far, she said, she had made a big hit, for every day she sold all the family could make.

Seagoing poolrooms are not entire novelties in New York. Thirty years ago, as one consequence of the closing of the city rooms after the Hayes-Tilden betting scandals in Morrissey's Broadway place, a barge anchored at Weehawken did a thrivig trade on the spring races at Jerome ing trade on the spring races at Jerome Park. In 1889, during a tight season for the rooms here and in Hoboken, a place flourished on a canalboat moored to the wharf at Guttenburg. Whenever the New Jersey constables moved toward the floating poolroom the gangplank was hauled in and the boat passed from the control of the State to Federal law. This was the theory and it worked all right, for the room was not shut up until the proprietors obtained permission to do business in a more accessible location.

"In the thirty-five years that I have lived in this part of the city," said an old East Side politician yesterday, "I never East Side politician yesterday, "I never saw any one go into that graveyard over there," pointing to a small cemetery on New Bowery, between James and Oliver streets. The graveyard was presented to the Jews by Louis (iomez, a Portuguese Jew in 1729. It runs along New Bowery about 50 feet and 75 feet back. When the neighborhood began to build up, the Jews selected a new site on Long Island. It is said to be the first Jewish cemetery bere. At the present time it only conis said to be the first Jewish cemetery
here. At the present time it only contains about thirty headstones and these
are worn down, making it hard to read the
inscriptions on them. It stands in back
of St. James's Church, which is one of the
oldest Catholic churches in the city.

"The other day," said a Harlem real estate man, "I went out to show flats to a motherly woman. She finally decided on one, but she wanted some improveon one, but she wanted some improvements I felt sure the owner wouldn't stand for. I told her so. 'Oh, that'll be all right,' she said. 'Where does the owner live?' I'll see him myself.'

"The owner,' I answered, 'is Mr. So and So of No. Such and Such Columbus syenue."

avenue."

"What!" she screamed, 'You don't mean shores with lonely bellows.

To the policeman on du

so poor I've been giving him a quarter instead of 15 cents every time he presses my husband's trousers.'
"Well.' I said, 'he beught this house last week for \$70,000."

An antithesis of graft is the practice of a court clerk who, far from extorting illegal charges, often pays legal fees out of his own pocket. The clerk prepares first naturalization papers in the United States District Court and pays the 65 cents fee himself whenever a clergyman is the appli-

Soon after I began work in this place, "Soon after I began work in this place," he says, "a clergyman applied for papers and I didn't have the nerve to bone him for the 65 cents. Instead I took it out of my own pocket and put it in the till. I'm several years older now, but my practice in that respect hasn't changed. Any unnaturalized clergyman can get his first papers for nothing while I am on the job."

The silk hatted man who looked as if he had money was tipsy and he had hard work picking his way along the east side of Broadway. In front of the Hotel Astor a detective of the West Forty-seventh street station stood talking to a friend. The tipsy man looked so prosperous to him that he thought it best to gather him in before

He took him to the police station and unuttoned the long paddock coat that he wore. Underneath was a very much worn suit. A search of the prisoner's pockets yielded two pennies and a toothrick. "That's one on me," said the sleuth. "I thought he was the real goods but he's

CONCERT FOR GEORGE BECKER. The Kneisel Quartet Plays and Mrs. De Moss

Sings. A concert intended as a testimonial to George Becker took place last night at Mendelssohn Hall. Mr. Becker was for some years librarian for Theodore Thomas, and afterward opened the first general ticket office for concert entertainments in Schubert's music store. He continued in that place for twenty years, or until the removal of the store from Union Square. He then established a new ticket agency in Broadway, the only concert ticket agency in the city. He is a popular man, and deserves his popularity. His testi-monial concert was attended by a large audience, and there was some good music. The most interesting trat of it was pro-ided by the Kneisel Quartet, for which fr. Becker is the subscription agent in Mr. Becker is the subscription agent in this city. The Kneisel artists played three movements from Dvorak's F major quar-tet the American work, and Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder were heard, together with Herman Hans Wetzler, in Beethoven's E flat trio. Between the two instrumental

E flat trio. Between the two instrumental numbers Mrs. Hissem de Moss sang songs by Rubinstein, Handel, Chadwick, McDow-ell and Addison Andrews. ell and Addison Andrews.

Mrs. de Moss was especially bappy in
the Handel air, "O, Had I Jubal's Lyre,"
in which her correct intonation, broad
phrasing and facile delivery of the florid
passages were highly commendable.
Further comment seems unnecessary. It was an entertainment in which kindliness prevailed. Therefore, let such things as were not to the everlasting glory of musical art rest in silence.

Edna Wallace Hopper Back to Vaudeville. Edna Wallace Hopper, who hopes to be rich as the result of a will contest, is going to dip into vandaville again next week at the Colonial Music Hall. She will be seen in a sketch called Capt. January," which is founded on a children's story by Laura

LONGHORN AMUSES BROADWAY

SCATTERED EVERYTHING BUT THE CARS AND THEN, SCATTED.

Started for the Walderf, but Didn't Stop There, Went Overboard at 34th Street Ferry, and Was Last Seen Swimming for the Sound, Chased by Men in Boats.

A red steer varied the gay life of the theatre district yesterday noon by capering down Broadway from Forty-second street to Thirty-fourth and across town to the Long Island ferry. There he went overboard and took to the main channel for Hell Gate. He sojourned for a time on a rocky islet off the ferry and resumed his trip toward the Sound. The last seen of the beast, three rowboats were pursuing him up past Kip's

The apparition of the steer in front of the Metropole didn't seem to surprise any one for a minute or two. Strange things are in the way of appearing at that corner, anyway. Some there were who dismissed the sight at once as a new and fantastio advertising device; others pretended that they didn't think they saw anything, and bent their steps toward a neighboring jagassuagery. Others assumed that the steer wouldn't be there unless it was a perfectly

wouldn't be there unless it was a perfectly proper place for a steer to be and showed their breeding by taking no notice.

There was an uptown Broadway street car which was not so apathetic. Gongs from every point of the compass and the rumble of the subway below did not interest the steer at all. The car, however, shoved him most discourteously. The steer whirled about to rebuke the car with his long, branching horns. The car didn't mind, although the motorman dodged back toward the far corner of his platform. The steer was displeased, not to say bewildered. He whirled about the other way and met a downtown car, sidling obliquely against it. This was too much! With a snort of fright he bounded out into the clearway, threw up his tail, threw down his horns, and charged down Main street, New York, as though it had been a barn lane.

Broadway awoke to the unusualness of things with a weboon and a girgle and a

Broadway awoke to the unusualness of Broadway awoke to the unusualness of things with a whoop and a giggle and a roar of laughter. Most of the laughing was done after the steer had passed, however. Strollers on Broadway were not sufficiently versed in steer lore to know that the steer was very much more frightened than angry. The only sufferer by the rampage was John Ryland, a theatre doorman, who was crossing the street on a bicycle and, wabbling with indecision in his effort to let the steer have whichever side of the road the beast wanted, was caught fairly amidships and relegated to the gutter, a bruised up mess of terrorstricken groans. bruised up mess of terrorstricken groans. There were not lacking after the steer

passed, many young people of the Broad-way parade who said that goodness gracious knows they were chased whole blocks by that buil just because they had red skirts on. One young woman even ran to the top of the elevated station at Thirty-third street and asked to be rescued. But her press agent had not come on duty at that early hour in the afternoon and up to a late hour last night her name had not been furnished to the newspapers. The longhorn turned east at Thirty-

fourth street in response to wild demonstra tions by the policemen on duty at the cor-ners and trotted off toward the Waldorf hers and trotted off toward the Waldorf-Astoria. By this time a horde of newsboys were yelling at the animal's heels. The steer swung easily on his way, looking out anxiously ahead. The crowd grew bigger as he went over the Park avenue hill and down under the elevated railroad at Third avenue. The confusion there startled the brute so much that he started into a dead run again. He had a clear road; the hackmen who usually stand outside the ferry station all day long made side the ferry station all day long made pell mell for the inside of the ferryhouse: there was none to oppose the steer's progthere was none to oppose the steer's progress through the wagon gate; he went
through on the gallop, down the wharf and
out on the ferry slip. The mob came
swirling through the wagon gate behind.
The steer got one good look and went overboard. The tide was setting up stream
and carried him out to the reef which sticks
out into the river off Hunter's Point. He
climbed the rocks and challenged both
shores with lonely bellows.

"'Yes, I do,' I said.
"'Why,' she wailed. I thought he was so poor I've been giving him a quarter"
"The was with lonely bellows.
To the policeman on duty at the ferry-house there came at 2 o'clock in the afternoon a man with a rope coiled over his arm. The man was warm and his face was

you seen a steer of mine down this way! policeman led the man through the ferryhouse and pointed out over the

ferryhouse and pointed out over the river to the red brute, standing out lonely from the jagged rocks in the middle of the river.

"Can I have him?" asked the man.

"Sure," said the policeman, "help yourself. Nobody around here wants him."

"He got away from me over on Tenth avenue," the man said, "and I'm going to get him back if it breaks my neck."

A little later two rowboats went out on the river in the direction of the island. The steer didn't like them and plunged off, heading north. There were no reports of an end of the chase from the river-front later—so the steer may be at New nt later-so the steer may be at New Haven by this time. But they are breathing easier on Broadway. That sort of a steer isn't welcomed in the flim-flam district.

MISS M'ADOO BACKS THE POLICE As Miss Freds Dixon in the Thrilling Play, "The Kleptomaniae." "Charley says the police are stupid and

only work when you have a pull," tittered Mrs. Charles Dover, the doting young

"But I am in the newspaper business and can work the police," explained Miss and can work the police, explained Miss Evelyn Evans, reporter on the Top Crest.

"Never could I permit myself to ask any man to find my lost engagement ring," objected Mrs. John Burlon.

Objected Mrs. John Burlon.

A new book by Booth Tarkington, "The

objected Mrs. John Burlon.

"But the Police Department isn't a man; it's an institution," spoke up Miss Freda Dixon; "you just telephone them and they'll find the ring."

Thereat the fashionable audience in Carnegie Lyceum applauded to the limit of propriety, for the young woman who had had the last word was Miss Eva McAdoo, daughter of the Police Commissioner, and spoke as one having knowledge.

daughter of the Police Commissioner, and spoke as one having knowledge.

It was amateur theatricals by Miss' Spence's school society. The play was "The Kleptomaniac." a comedy in one act dealing with the troubles of Mrs. John Burton in recovering jewelry which she was morally certain had been stolen from her at the St. Regis by a boldly dressed woman with a pocket in her bold dress. All the young ladies shrank with horror from contemplation of a person with this rude appendage to her costume, but under Freda's leadership they mustered courage to communicate the loss to the St. Regis, the police and, inadvertently, to the reporter

the police and, inadvertently, to the reporter of the Top Crest.

Later they found that the supposed kleptomaniac was no other than Mrs. Orme Johnson, one of the "400" and, worse still the wife of the client of the husband of the learn of the jewels. of the loser of the jewels.

F. F. Proctor Gets Frank Keenan. Frank Keenan, whose venture at the Berkeley Lyceum was an artistic success, even if it wasn't so financially, will present one of his best playlets at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre next week. This is Keenan's first plunge into vaude-He will be seen in The System of Dr. Tarr."

HANDSOMEST, LIGHTEST, BEST LUGGAGE



Wardrobe Trunks.

Said an admiring

retailer to a successful manufacturer: "Every year you seem to have more competitors and less competition."

There is a reason, and this is

The manufacturer makes a food product which will bear the closest scrutiny as to its goodness and its purity. Therefore it bears the "success" test of advertising.

The manufacturer was the first to prepare the product-now he has many imitators. He was the first to advertise such a product. This year he is being followed in that also-but he had eight years head start.

He is using THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL because the product should be in every home.

That is why he has more competitors than competition.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

BOSTON BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Ireland's Story" should be one of the popular books of the day," especially in Greater New York, where the contingent from Erin is so large, for beginning with the fine old legends it traces the history of the Irish nation throughout its pict-

uresque course down to the present day. The work of St. Patrick is given partly in the words of his own confession, and other saints and scholars receive special attention. But the greatest interest will centre upon the discussion of the recent Irish problems - Irish Disestablishment, Land Purchase, Home Rule, &c., and in the chapters on the Irish in America, the Irish on the Continent, and the Irish Literary

Mrs. Sakville E. Jackson in "Mother and Daughter" makes some very iconoclastic protests against the old customs considered indispensable to the rearing of young children, and leve's a special objection against the indiscriminate reading of "Mother Goose" to the little ones. "Don't tell the terrifying gory tales in Mother Goose." she says, "where giants do impossible things, and utterly idiotic rhymes in atrocious English tell how the 'farmer's wife cut off their tails with a carving knife," but if Mother Goose must be read to children forever and a day, she begs the mother to stick to "Old King Cole was a merry old soul," or some of the other tales with a happy ending, and not send sensitive chilgrieving because the little He seemed troubled.

"he said to the policeman. "have had to go hungry because "cupboard was bare." There are few pleasures left in life for the modern baby, with patent foods and rockerless cradles and general sanitary fuss and bother, and if he is not to be allowed to forget his trials in the soothing melodies of Mother Goose it must seem to him scarcely worth while to be born

> George Gissing is very little known in this country, but "By the Ionian Sea," the newly imported book by means of which he is to be introduced to the American public, is considered by English critics to be his best work.

Joseph Conrad, author of "Nostromo a Tale of the Seaboard," after knocking about the earth for twenty years in nearly all the travelled sea ways of the world. has come to anchor at last at Pent Farm, in Kent, not far from the English Channel. His home is a quaint cottage with a slanting roof, adorned with a kan-to very much out of plumb. The cottage sets well

Beautiful Lady, " will appear in the McClure-Phillips spring list. It is a short novelette containing a whimsical tale of young impetuous; love, the scene of which is laid in Paris, Venice and Rome. In daintiness and graceful charm the story suggests Mr. Tarkington's ever popular "Monsieur Beaucaire.

Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens gives his views in the April Critic concerning the "Venus" at the National Art Club. The chocolate stained statue belonging to Mr. Frederic Linton, at most, Mr. Saint-Gaudens thinks. can be no more than a second Roman copy of an unknown Greek original by Praxiteles Four sculptors of the highest reputation are quoted as saying that, though beautiful, the work has no claim to be thought original.

Prof. Münsterberg in his speech before the Cosmopolitan Club at Detroit brought the Declaration of Independence and its relation to American ideals of to-day into rather sudden prominence. The professor was quoted and misquoted until he was accused of declaring the national document a mass of glittering generalities, and of implying that the President of the United States held the same opinion. As a matter of fact, the lecturer gave a brief summary of his book, "The Americans," as he was asked to do, in which he stands on record as pronouncing the Declaration of Independence "a corollary of that system of moral ideals which is indissolubly combined with the American character, and as for what the President thinks about it, Prof. Munsterberg confines himself to stating that "never in his speeches or his writings has he cited it." However, in the avalanche of telegrams which followed the speech from friends and enemies of the Declaration of Independence and of President Roosevelt, there were \$24 worth marked "collect."

Oric Bates, the author of "A Madcap Cruise," has succeeded, like his father, Prof. Arlo Bates, in writing a Boston novel

PUBLICATIONS

A DIARY FROM DIXIE

By MARY BOYKIN CHESNUT

Edited by Isabella D. Martin and Myrta Lockett Avary. Profusely illustrated throughout. \$2.50 net; postage additional. Mrs. Chesnut was the most brilliant woman that the South has ever produced. No other memoirs ever written equal these in charm. They afford an intimate view of a high-bred patrician, refined, charitable woman of the world, with a delightful sense of humor and an artistic appreciation of all that is good in literature and in men.

D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

AMUSEMENTS.

BELASCO Theatre. To-night 8. Mat. Sat. Bayld Belasco presents MRS. Leslie Carternew PLAY

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th St. & Irving Pl.
DAVID BELASCO Presents
BLANCHE BATES THE BARLING
Popular Prices. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2. Evgs. 8. WARFIELD IN THE MUSIC

Damrosch Orchestra. Eames will sing Gounod's Ave Maria" to Ysaye's violin obligato, with orches-ial, rlane and organ accompaniment. Seals at lox office. Manager Johnston's office. Seats at log office. Manager Johnston's office, 1133 Bway. Frices \$1 to \$4.

WALLACK'S LastWk, Evs. 8:20. AMELIA B'way & 30th St. BINGHAM In Mile, Marni Mat. Saturday. Monday, April 8. Seat Sale opens To-day. MAL Naturday. Seat Sale opens To-day.
Monday, April 3. Seat Sale opens To-day.
F. C. WHITNEY Presents

ALICE FISCHER In Stantslaus
Stange's New Comedy,
"THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS."

GARDEN, 27th & Mad. Av. COLLEGE WIDOW BROADWAY THEATRE, B'way & 41st st. 2:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15.

FLORODORA Adele Ritchie, Cyril Scott, Maude Lambert, H. V. Donnetty, Elsa Ryan, Phil Ryley, Joseph Phillips,

A 'AUAL ACTORS' HOME BENEFIT Friday, April 7, at 1:30. SEATS FRIDAY. MAJESTIC | Popular FRIDAY at Mats. Wed. & Sat. BUSTER BROWN VICTOR HERBERT'S ORCHESTRA.

West End ADE'S "PEGGY FROM PARIS. in "THE AWAKENING OF MR. PIPP."

LEW FIELDS' Phone 166-38, Eve. 8:15. Mat. Sat. Theatre 42St. bet. It Happened in Nordland AMMERSTEIN'S, 42d St. & B'way. Fy. 25, 50, 75 1.00. Mat. Daily, 25, 50; Quariet and others.

without insulting Boston. The story tells of a summer trip to the Mediterranean in large yacht stolen for the occasion by two Harvard boys. The young author, inheriting the taste for letters from his father, Arlo Bates, and his mother, Harriet Vose Bates, has been all his life equally devoted to literature and to outdoor sports, with a special fancy for yachting. For two summers he lived with his father on a yacht, and two other seasons he spent travelling abroad. The places, both in this country and abroad, in which he has laid the scenes of "A Madcap Cruise" are familiar to him by personal experience. Mr. Bates is in his fourth year at Harvard, but he left Boston in February with an archmological expedition for prehistoric excavation in

the remainder of the year. Harry Hammerstein a Brocklyn Manager. Watson's Cozy Corner Theatre in Brooklyn will in future be known as the Nassau Theatre, with Harry Hammerstein, a son of Oscar Hammerstein, as manager. Next season Mr. Hammerstein will present

Turkestan and has leave of absence for

vaudeville attractions.

News of Plays and Players. Arrangements were completed vesterday between Klaw & Erlanger, David A. Weis and George Fawcett by which the George Fawcett Company will be installed in the American Theatre on May 1 for an indefinite period. Mr. Fawcett intends to produce a different play each week, with a star who has gained fame in that particular play in each production. Miss Percy Haswell will be prominent in most

Percy Haswell will be prominent in most of the productions.
Milton Royle's play, "The Squaw Man," in which William Faversham is to be starred by Liebler & Co., will be produced at the Star Theatre, Buffalo on April 24.

May Irwin is playing her fourth New York engagement this season in "Mrs. Black is Back" at the New York Theatre this week, and, despite the fact that it is the fourth, is filling the big playhouse nightly from pit to gallery.

from pit to gallery.

Daniel Frohman, who is arranging the Modjeska benefit, has decided to have it on the afternoon of May 2. He received a telegram from Mme. Modjeska yesterday saving she would appear in scenes from "Lady Macbeth" and "Marie Stuart."

PUBLICATIONS.

"An Interpretation of Progress." THE WORLD'S WORK FOR APRIL TELLS

the tale of a Russian naval lieutenant who survived the long tragedy of the Port Arthur fleet.

It's a piece of real war literature, reported by "O," whose pen pictures of the conflict have been the most vivid published.

For a real glimpse of the heart and soul of the better class Russian fighting man, in the thick of the fight and afterwards, it is unsurpassed.

25 cints, on all news stands; \$2.00 a year

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EMPIRE THEATRE, H'way & 40th St. Evs. at S. Matiness Sats. at 2. WM. GILLETTE | SHERLOCK HOLMES. CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St. 220

Mary Mannering STAIR.

MONDAY APRIL 10,

ANNIE RUNSELL In Israel Zangwill's play, JINNY, THE CARRIER.

To-night at \$3.5. Ant. Sat. at 23.5. Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS FRINCE CONSORT APLS—LONDON ASSELLANCE, with special cast headed by MISS JEFFREYS and including EBEN PL MPTON, HENRY E. DINEY, W. H. THOMPSON, JOS. WHEELOCK, JR.; MURRAY CARSON, BEN WELSTER, HERBERT SLEATH, KATE PHILLIFS and IDA CONSUMERT, Scats Selling.

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APRIL 10—"THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH."

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The Man of Destiny," with Mr. Daly; and "How He Lied to Her Husband," with Clara Bloodgood, specially engaged.

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Matiness Saturdays at 2:00
LAST 3 WEEKS. The Duchess of Dantzic LYCEUM B'way & 45th At 8:20
100TH TIME, APRIL 5th-SOUVENIRS.
Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots

Burton Holmes TRAVELOGUES

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SUNDAY, CARNEGIE HALL, AT 8:15.

dog. & Tues. Mats., Lyceum Theatre, at

"RUSSIA." April 9, 10 & 11.

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Mon. Eve., DR. JERVILL & MR. HYDE: Tues
EVE. & Sat. Mat., BEAU BRUMMEL; Wed. Eve.
DR. JERVIL, & MR. HYDE: Thirs, Eve., THY
MERCHANT OF VENICE: Fri. Eve., A PARI
SIAN ROMANCE; Sat. Eve., KING RICH
ARD III.

FOURTH WEEK-Monday, April 19-First time "THE MISANTHROPE," by Moliere. Seals Mon LIBERTY THEATRE, 42d St. nr. B'way Matinee Saturday, Evgs. \$15 The Gloson The Education of Mr. Pipp Play, By Augustus Thomas, with Digby Hell.

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Theatre.

MatsWed.Sat TELEGRAM WEEK Eve. 8.30 FRIDAY-Margaret Wycherly-2:15 P. M.

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